

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Anne Oldfield.*



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M,DCC,XLI.

MEMOIRS

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MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of

Mrs. *Anne Oldfield*.



THE Loss which the polite Part of the Town has sustained, in the Death of Mrs. OLDFIELD, must be allowed to be irreparable; because, in Comedy, as she never had, so she has not left, her Equal.

Mrs. ANNE OLDFIELD was born in *Pall-Mall*, in the Year 1683. Her Grandfather was a Vintner, but on her Mother's Side she was well descended. Her Father rode in the Guards, and I have heard had a Commission under King JAMES before he died. By his free Way of Living, he not only run out his Income, but likewise spent a very pretty Paternal Estate. His Daughter was put to Mrs. *Wotton*, a Sempstress in *King-street Westminster*, but her Genius for the Stage was predominant, as appeared by her continual reading and repeating Parts of Plays. Mrs. *Oldfield* being left in strait Circumstances, She and her Daughter lived for some time with her

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Sister Mrs. *Voss*, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market. She married a Second Husband, one *Wood*. Her Daughter Mrs. *Anne Oldfield* was introduced to Mr. CHRISTOPHER RICH, by the late Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, in the Year 1699. About which time Mrs. *Cross* having made an Excursion to *France*, with a certain Baronet, Mrs. *Oldfield's* first Appearance on the Stage was in a Part of Her's, viz. CANDIOPE, in *Secret Love: Or, the Maiden Queen*; a Tragi-Comedy, written by Mr. DRYDEN.

HER Second Appearance was in a more Capital Part, ALINDA, in the *Pilgrim* of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, in which Sir JOHN VANBRUGH made some *Alterations*, and Mr. DRYDEN wrote a *Masque*, to render the Revival of this Play more agreeable to the Town, together with a New *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. The *Pilgrim* was indeed revived for the Benefit of Mr. DRYDEN, Ann. 1700, but he dying on the third Night of its Representation, his Son attended the Run of it, and the Advantages accrued to his Family. About three Years after, upon the Decease of that eminent Actress Mrs. VERBRUGGEN, who died in Child-bed, Mrs. *Oldfield* succeeded her in the Part of Lady *Lurewell*, in the *Constant Couple: Or, a Trip to the Jubilee*, written by Mr. FARQUHAR, which run Fifty-two Nights. But the

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the Part that render'd Mrs. Oldfield's Excellence chiefly known to the Town, was that of Lady Betty Modish, in the *Careless Husband*, a Comedy, written by Mr. CIBBER, in the Year 1704. In this Character it was that those two Qualities, before observed by Mr. CIBBER, of the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*, shone out in Mrs. Oldfield to their greatest Degree of Perfection; and the Character was so admirably suited to the natural and agreeable Manner of Conversation peculiar to Mrs. OLDFIELD, that almost every Sentence, in the Part, may with Justice be said to have been heard from her own Mouth before she pronounced it on the Stage. In short, it was not the Part of Lady Betty Modish, represented by Mrs. Oldfield; but it was the real Mrs. Oldfield who appeared in the Character of Lady Betty Modish.

THE same Year, the Royal Company of Comedians went down to Bath, where, among several Plays acted by them during the Season, *Miss Champion*, not only by her Action, but her Singing and Dancing, had so far captivated the most noble WILLIAM Duke of Devonshire, Father of the late Duke, that he took her off the Stage. Of this Amour farther Mention will be hereafter made; because it is intended that these Memoirs shall not only, with the utmost Fidelity, consist of a Recital of the peculiar Excellencies of Mrs. Oldfield, but likewise

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contain a short digressionary History of the Fate and Fortunes of the most considerable Actresses during the same Period of Time: an Attempt which I hope will not be less useful than entertaining to every Reader.

It is well known, that about this Time, a strict Alliance of Friendship had commenced between *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; and *Mrs. Oldfield*. *Mr. Oldmixon*, who wrote the Life of *Mr. Maynwaring*, assures the Public, "That each of them loved "with a Passion, that could hardly have "been stronger, had it been both *Hers* and "*His* first Love." * It was doubtless owing, in a great Measure, to his Instructions, that *Mrs. Oldfield* became so admirable a *Player*, for as no body understood the *Action* of the *Stage* better than himself, so no body took greater Pleasure than he to see her excel in it. He wrote several *Prologues* and *Epilogues* for her, and would always hear her rehearse them in private before she spoke them in public: I shall insert Part of one, † to which in the Speaking she gave an inimitable Turn of Humour; being an agreeable Display of the Manner how the Ladies would Govern under a *Feminine Monarchy*.

* See *Mr. Maynwaring's* Life, 8vo. pag. 43 &c.

† *The Epilogue to the Wife's Relief: Or, The Husband's Cure. A Comedy written by Mr. Charles Johnson.*

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Could we a *Parliament of Women* call,
We'd *vote* such *Statutes* as would *tame ye all* :
First, we'd *resolve*, that all those *marry'd Fellows*,
Should *Banishment* endure, who durst be *Jealous* :
For tho' that curst *Disease* proceeds from *Love's* soft
Passion,
Nothing should be a *Crime* in *Us* but *Demonstration*.

Next, that those dull, uncomfortable *Wights*,
Who *sleep* all *Morning*, and who *sot* o' *Nights*,
Should find, when they *reel* Home with *Surfeits* cloy'd,
Their tender *Wives* with better *Friends* employ'd.

Lastly, the *Man* who breaks the *Marriage-Vow*,
(If any such, in *this good House*, you know)
For the *first Time*, should suffer a *Divorce* ;
Adieu those tempting *Words*——for *better* and for
worse :

The *Ladies* should be free again to *wed*,
And the *false Men* be *naturally* dead.

But hold ! what makes *me* impotently rant ?
The *Will* we have——but O ! the *Power* we want ;
And you, vile *Husbands*, when these *Threats* you hear,
Will only grow worse *Tyrants* than you were.
Yet have a *Care* — for tho' we cannot make
Laws for *Mankind*, we can their *Orders* break.
The *War*, 'tis said, is drawing to an *End* ;
And not *one Woman* then can want a *Friend*.
The *Brave* will all to this dear *Town* repair,
And they were always *Guardians* of the *Fair* ;

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By faithful Service to their Country done,
Our *Sex's* Favour they have fairly won;
And may they still have this propitious Doom,
Conquest Abroad, and just Returns at Home.

These are our Wishes, — and if any here
The glorious Character of *Soldier* bear,
I hope their Favour to this Play they'll show,
And pay our *Poet* what to us they owe.

Mr. *Maynwaring's* Friends, some of whom were of the highest Rank, of both Sexes often blamed him, nay, have had such Quarrels with him concerning this Affair, that even Mrs. *Oldfield* herself has frequently represented to him, that it was for his *Honour* and *Interest* to break off their *Alliance*, which open Frankness, on her Side, did as he has often confessed, engage him to her the more firmly, and all his Friends at last, gave over importuning him to leave her. They saw, by her most engaging Manner, that she daily, and hourly, more and more entangled him in *Cupid's* Nets, and it must be allowed that Mr. *Maynwaring* is not the only wise Man who has fallen a Victim to *Venus*. He really sustained a greater Weight of the public Affairs, than some whose Posts more immediately load them with the Burthen. His very great Intimacy and Friendship with my Lord *Godolphin* and the Duke of *Marlborough*,

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borough, who were then at the Head of the Ministry, could not but necessarily involve him in Political Researches, and it was to unbend his Mind that he took Delight to pass some Hours with a Woman, whose Conversation was both soft and pleasant, and exactly agreeable to his own. It is not to be supposed that two Persons under such an Affectionate Alliance, could meet without Consummation; and all the Quarter that is desired for Mr. *Maynwaring's* Reputation in this Transaction of his Life, is, that none but the Innocent would condemn him. For what Mr. *Fenton* has observed of the *Primitive State*, may be justly applied to the Satisfaction they enjoyed in each other.

Pure from Deceit, devoid of Fear and Strife,
While Love was all the pensive Care of Life.

IT cannot be denied, but this Amour was very expensive to Mr. *Maynwaring*, tho' it was not the only erroneous Instance of his Oeconomy. No Man could have a greater Contempt for Money, or abhorred what was mean and sordid more than he did: And it was wholly owing to his Generosity and Negligence of his own Affairs, that after he had so profitable a Post, as Auditor of the Imprest conferred on him, yet he made no Addition to his Fortune. When he sold his Estate of *Ightfield* in *Shropshire*, to my Lord *Kilmurry*, there

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was not, when the Mortgages were paid off, above four Thousand Pounds left to be divided between him and his Sister. The Management of his Domestic Affairs he gave intirely up to his Sister and Servants; and those that knew what was the Conduct of his Family at *Whitehall*, never thought that he would be the richer for his Post. His Company was so much the Delight of the *Great*, the *Fair* and the *Gay*, that he was very little at Home. However, we must leave him for a while in the Business of his Post; made happy, at certain Intervals, by Mrs. *Oldfield*, in whose Conversation all his Political Fatigues were most agreeably alleviated.

ABOUT this Time, the *English* Stage met with as much Opposition as the *State*. Nothing would go down but *Italian* Operas, and indeed Mr. *Maynwaring*, being a Lover of Music, and a fine Performer himself, gave into this Polite Taste, and wrote the following *Prologue* to CAMILLA.

While martial Troops, with more than martial
Rage,
For *Austria* these, for *Bourbon* those engage;
Cover with Blood th' unhappy *Latian* Plains,
Insult their Shepherds, and oppress their Swains;
CAMILLA, frighten'd from her native Seat,
Hither is driv'n to beg a false Retreat.

O may

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O may the exil'd Nymph a Refuge find !
Such as may ease the Labours of her Mind :
Hear her, ye Fair, in tuneful Notes complain,
Pity her Anguish and remove her Pain ;
To you her Vindication does belong,
To you the Mourner has address'd her Song.
Let her your Hearts with just Compassion move,
By Music soften'd and endear'd by Love ;
So may your Warriour Lords successful fight,
May Honour crown the Day and Love the Night.
May Conquest still attend their generous Arms,
Till their Swords grow as fatal your Charms.

BUT let it here be observed, that tho' Mr. *Maynwaring's* Love of Music made him give some Encouragement to the *Italian* Operas ; yet he was a fast Friend and vigorously pushed all his Interest, both for promoting and improving the Entertainment of the *English* Theatre, being truly sensible of this Remark,

While *Nicolino* like a Tyrant reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the Stage in Chains.*

WE must now return to Mrs. *Oldfield*, rising every Season in Reputation, from her inimitable Performance, first acquired under

* Epilogue to the Careless Husband.

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the Character of Lady Betty Modish, and in which she shone more, than in all the Parts wherein she had hitherto appeared.

THE Author of the *Careless Husband*, thus impartially states the Case, to his most noble Patron the Duke of Argyll: "The best Criticks
" have long and justly complained, that the
" Coarseness of most Characters in our late Co-
" medies have been unfit Entertainments for
" People of Quality, especially the Ladies: And
" therefore, says he, I was long in hopes that
" some able Pen, whose Expectation did not
" hang upon the Profits of Success, would ge-
" nerously attempt to reform the Town into a
" better Taste than the World generally allows
" them: But nothing of that Kind having lately
" appeared, that would give an Opportunity
" of being wise at another's Expence, I found
" it impossible any longer to resist the secret
" Temptation of my Vanity, and so e'en struck
" the first Blow myself: And the Event has now
" convinced me, that whoever sticks close to Na-
" ture, cannot easily write above the Understand-
" ing of the Galleries, tho' at the same time
" he may possibly deserve Applause of the
" Boxes."

THIS Play, before its Tryal on the Stage, was examined by several People of Quality, who came into the Duke of Argyll's Opinion of its being a just, a proper, and diverting Attempt

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Attempt in Comedy ; but few of them carried the Compliment beyond their private Approbation : “ For, says Mr. *Cibber*, when I was “ wishing for a little farther Hope, they stopt “ short of your *Grace’s* Penetration, and only “ wished me what they seemed to *fear*, and you “ assured me of, a *general Success*. And, if the “ Dialogue of *this Comedy* flows with a more “ easy Turn of Thought and Spirit, than what “ I have usually produced ; I shall not yet “ blame some People for saying *it is not my* “ *own*, unless they know at the same Time I “ owe most of it to the many stolen Observa- “ tions I have made from your *Grace’s* Manner “ of *Conversing*.”

I SHOULD not have dwelt so long on this Play, were it not the Period from whence we may date the Birth of Mrs. *Oldfield* as an Actress. And, to demonstrate how exactly the Dramatical-Pencil has delineated her *real Character*, under the *imaginary one* of Lady *Betty Modish*, I shall, both for the Reader’s Entertainment and Information, refer him to the *first* Scene of the *second* Act of the Play, between Lady *Modish* and Lady *Easy* ; wherein the Descriptions given of the Allurements of Dress, and other captivating Charms, of Wit, Raillery and Conversation, for which Mrs. *Oldfield* was so peculiarly remarkable, make it appear self-evident, that none but *she* could have sat for the Picture.

IT must here be noted, that, the Summer before the Appearance of the *Careless Husband* on the Stage, Mr. *Maynwaring* and Mrs. *Oldfield* spent the Recess of a whole long Vacation at *Windsor*, the Scene of that Comedy, where they lodged in the Castle, at the House of Mr. *John Sewell*, Treasurer and Chapter-Clerk to the Dean and College. The Application of this Hint, I submit to the Reader's Judgment, when he has consider'd the *Interview* between the *two Ladies* abovementioned.

IN the *Chit-chat* of Lady *Betty Modish*, may be found the fine Raillery of Mrs. *Oldfield*. It was her Wit that made her Company always acceptable to Persons of the highest Rank; and as to her outward Appearance, it was beautiful without Artifice, and her Address engaging without Affectation.

WE must now return to Mr. *Maynwaring*, who being made happy by Mrs. *Oldfield* with the Birth of a Son, it was such a Rivet to *Cupid's* Chains, as bound him much faster to his *Venus*. However, Mr. *Maynwaring* made a serious Application of this natural Incident; and set a firm Resolution to himself of regulating his future Conduct. He reduced all his Expences to stated Allowances, and laid by a considerable Part of the Income of his Auditorship, saying, *He had been such a Fool as to despise*

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despise Money till then, but now he would do as other Men did, and endeavour to grow Rich. But this Resolution was formed too late ; for his Company was so much the Delight of the Great, the Fair and the Gay, that he was very little at Home. He drank freely, and as his Wines were generally *Champagne* and *Burgundy*, it was to their corrosive Qualities that he imputed the ill State of Health he was fallen into ; and has often spoken with Concern, of the Misfortune it had been to him, that People thought his Conversation so agreeable, as to expose him to Intemperance. However, Mrs. *Oldfield* by her Care, and tender Affection for him, prolonged his Life some Years ; and her Generosity has been so great, towards his Son, that she has, by her Last Will and Testament, bequeathed him a Legacy much more than double the Estate his Father left, besides other Provisions made for him.*

I SHALL now resume the Thread of my Dramatical Narrations, viz.

UPON Mrs. *Cross*'s Excursion to *Paris*, as before mentioned, I remember a jocose Distich in an *Epilogue* spoken by *Jo. Haines*, on that Occasion, viz.

* See No. I. and II. of the Appendix.

We're

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We're ruin'd quite, we are not worth one Souſe,
We've loſt the only *Touch-Hole* of our Houſe.

Mrs. *Croſs*, laſt, belonged to the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and has been dead ſome Years.

LET us next view Mrs. *Oldfield* in the Tragick Scene. In *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, ſhe appeared in Company ſuitable to her own. The *Dramatis Perſonæ* of that excellent Play, conſiſted but of four Men and two Women; viz. Mr. *Betterton*, Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Keene*, Mr. *Corey*; Mrs. *Barry*, and Mrs. *Oldfield*.

PHÆDRA, ſays Mr. *Oldiſworth**, is a conſummate Tragedy; and, the *Success* of it was as great, as the moſt ſanguine Expectations of the Author's Friends could promiſe, or foreſee. The *Number* of Nights, and the common Method of filling the *House*, are not always the ſureſt Marks of judging what Encouragement a Play meets with: But the Generoſity of all the Perſons of a refined Taſte about Town was remarkable on this Occaſion: And it muſt not be forgotten how zealouſly Mr. *Addiſon* eſpouſed its Intereſt, with all the elegant Judgment and diffuſive Good-nature, for which that accompliſhed Gentleman was ſo juſtly valued by Mankind. But as to *Phædra*,

* See his Character of the Author, prefix'd to his Works, pag. xiv.

ſhe

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she has certainly made a finer Figure under Mr. Smith's Conduct, upon the *English* Stage, than either at *Rome* or *Athens*; and if she excels the *Greek* and *Latin Phædra*, I need not be put to the Trouble of saying she surpasses the *French* one, tho' embellished with whatever regular Beauties, and moving Softness, *Racine* himself could give her.

THE *Prologue* to this *Tragedy* was written by Mr. *Addison*, and spoken by Mr. *Wilks*. The fine Turn of *Raillery* it contains against the *Italian* Theatre, will, I think, justify my transcribing it in this Place in Defence of the *English* one, viz.

Long has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and thro' the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs express their martial Fire,
Combat in Trills, and in a Feuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undisturb'd by Wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles repartee:
Our home-spun Authors must forsake the Field,
And *Shakespear* to the soft *Scarlati* yield.

To your new Taste the Poet of This Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had *Valentini*, musically coy,
Shunn'd *Phædra*' Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
Joy;

It

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It had not mov'd your Wonder to have seen
 An Eunuch fly from an enamoured Queen :
 How would it please, should she in *English* speak,
 And could *Hippolitus* reply in *Greek* ?
 But he, a Stranger to your modish Way,
 By your old Rules must stand or fall to-day,
 And hopes you will foreign Taste command,
 To bear for once with what you understand.

IN the Representation of the Play itself, who
 could sit unmoved at a Recital of the Passions
 of *Theseus's* Queen, or the Princess *Ismena*, for
 their *Hippolitus*, when a *Barry* and an *Old-*
field were the Pleaders ?

AND who was not *pierced to the Heart* when
Ismena pronounced these Lines ?

Let them be cruel that delight in Mischief ;
 I'm of a softer Mould ; poor *Phædra's* Sorrows
 Pierce thro' my yielding Heart and wound my
 Soul.

For could you think that open gen'rous *Youth*
 Could with feign'd Love deceive a jealous Woman ?
 Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling ?

Ah ! without doubt his Thoughts inspir'd his
 Tongue,

And all his Soul receiv'd a real Love.

Perhaps new Graces darted from her Eyes,

Perhaps soft Pity charm'd his yielding Soul,

Perhaps

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Perhaps her Love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd
him!

Perhaps -- Alas! how many Things might charm
him!

THE Care of *Ismena*, to preserve *Hippolitus*, and the Resolution she forms of sharing his Fate, is thus inimitably expressed:

O! haste away, my Lord, I go, I fly
Thro' all the Dangers of the boist'rous Deep.
When the Wind whistles thro' the crackling Masts,
When thro' the yawning Ship the foaming Sea
Rolls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting Love forget my Fear;
O! I will wander thro' the *Scythian* Gloom,
O'er Ice and Hills of everlasting Snow:
There when the horrid Darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak Wind shall chill my shiv'ring
Limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant Sun,
And cheer my gazing Eyes, and warm my Heart.

Alas! my tender Soul would shrink at Death,
Shake with its Fears, and sink beneath its Pains,
In any Cause but this—But now I'm steel'd,
And the near Danger lessens to my Sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for *Hippolitus*,
And with an equal Joy I'll die to save him.
Yes, for his Sake I'll go a willing Shade,
And wait his coming in th' *Elysian* Fields,
And there enquire of each descending Ghost,
Of my lov'd Hero's Welfare, Life and Honour.

C

Add

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Add to th' *Elysian* Joys, and make that Heav'n
more happy.

THE Quotations I have here made, are to
show the admirable Diction of this Play, and
to justify Mr. *Addison's* Censure, in the
Tatler, of the Want of Taste in the Audience,
for not encouraging this excellent Tragedy.

HOWEVER, Mrs. *Oldfield* dismissed them
with the following elegant *Epilogue* written
by Mr. *Prior*.

Ladies, to-night your Pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before :
An *Oxford* Man, extreamly read in *Greek*,
Who from *Eu—ripides* makes *Phædra* speak,
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousands Years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play,
I-gad we know all That as well as they :
Show us the youthful handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career ;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the antient *Grecian* Dames :
Ev'ry *Ismena* wou'd resign her Breast,
And ev'ry dear *Hippolitus* be blest.

But, as it is, Six flouncing *Flanders* Mares
Are e'en as good as any Two of theirs ;
And if *Hippolitus* can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot, *John* can drive.

Now

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Now of the Bustle you have seen to-day,
And *Phædra's* Morals in this Scholar's Play ;
Something, at last, in Justice should be said,
But this *Hippolitus* so fills one's Head. —
Well ! *Phædra* liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was Father *Jove's* own Flesh and Blood ;
Her aukward Love, indeed, was oddly sated,
She and her *Poly* were too near related ;
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest *Theseus* had but fairly dy'd :
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo* ?
There was no harm, you see ; or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but he wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude :
He shou'd have sent a Night or two before,
That he wou'd come exact at such an Hour ;
Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest ;
The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.

But if these gay Reflections come too late
To keep the guilty *Phædra* from her Fate ;
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame :
Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care.
My spotless Flames to your Protection take,
And spare poor *Phædra* for *Ismena's* sake.

Mrs. *Oldfield* gained an universal Applause by playing *Ifmena*, in this Tragedy. The Character shewed her in a Light of Perfection hardly to be expressed; and indeed every Part she acted was a Demonstration of her daily Improvement.

SOME Differences arising between Mr. *Rich* and his Company, they joined in with the Company at the *Hay-Market*, Acting under the Licence of *Vanburgh* and *Congreve*, where Mr. *Barry* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, both famous in their Way, had been for some time. But Mrs. *Oldfield's* Voice, Figure and Manner of Playing soon made *her* shine out, even here, the *brightest Star*. Upon the Preference being given to her in the *Benefit-Plays*, and other Disputes fomented among the Managers, Mrs. *Barry*, and Mrs. *Bracegirdle* entirely quitted the Business, and left Mrs. *Oldfield* sole Empress of the Stage.

THE Season following, the *Revolters* returning to *Drury-Lane*, made up one compleat Company; and in the Spring came on Mr. *Phillips's* Tragedy, The *Distrest Mother*. Mrs. *Rogers*, an Actress, who in her Turn, had made a considerable Figure on the Stage, was designed the Part of (*Andromache*, *Hector's* Widow, &c. i. e.) the *Distrest Mother*. But the Author, as well as his Friends, were soon convinced that

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Oldfield* was infinitely the more accomplished Person for so Capital a Part. Upon its being given to Her, Mrs. *Rogers* raised a Posse of Profligates, fond of Tumult and Riot, who made such a Commotion in the House, that the Court hearing of it, sent four of the Royal Messengers, and a strong Guard, to suppress all Disorders. This being effected, the Play was brought upon the Stage and crowned with deserved Success.

As Mr. *Smith* had introduced a *Greek* Tragedy upon our Theatre, Mr. *Philips* was willing to try what Reception would be given to a *French* one. *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, is by much the superiour Performance; but the *Distrest Mother*, by Dramatical Management, to which Mr. *Smith* was an utter Stranger, greatly exceeded it in the Run; and to do the *English* Author Justice, it is a good modern Play. I shall here let him speak, for himself, viz.

“ * THIS Tragedy is formed upon an Original which passes for the most finished Piece in this kind of Writing, that has ever been produced in the *French* Language. † It is written in a Style very different from what has been usually practised, among us, in Poems of this Nature. —————

* See his Dedication to the *Dutchess of MONTAGU*.

† See his Preface.

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“ If I have been able to keep up to the Beauties of *Monfieur Racine* in my Attempt, and to do him no Prejudice in the Liberties I have taken frequently to vary from fo great a Poet, I fhall have no Reason to be difflattified with the Labour it has coft me to bring the compleateft of his Works upon the *Engliſh Stage*.”

HOWEVER, I cannot think it improper, in this Place, to remark, that as full as Mr. *Philips* is of his *Elogiums* on *Monfieur Racine*, yet at the ſame Time *Euripides* is acknowledged to be the Original Author. So that the *Diſtreſt Mother* has two Paſſports for her ſafe Arrival in *Great-Britain*.

THE *Prologue* to this Play was written by Sir *Richard Steele*, and ſpoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

Since Fancy of it ſelf is looſe and vain,
The Wiſe by Rules that airy Pow’r reſtrain :
They think thoſe Writers mad, who at their Eaſe
Convey this Houſe and Audience where they
 pleaſe ;
Who Nature’s ſtated Diſtances confound,
And make this Spot all Soils the Sun goes round :
’Tis nothing, when a fancy’d Scene’s in view,
To ſkip from *Covent-Garden* to *Peru*.

But *Shakeſpear*’s ſelf tranſgreſs’d, and ſhall each
 Elf,
Each Pigmy Genius quote, great *Shakeſpear*’s ſelf!
What

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 23

What Critick dares prescribe what's just and fit?
Or mark out Limits for such boundless Wit?
Shakespear could travel thro' Earth, Sea and Air,
And paint out all the Powers and Wonders there;
In barren Deserts He makes Nature smile,
And give us Feasts in his *Enchanted Isle*.

Our Author does his feeble Force confess,
Nor dares pretend such Merit to transgress;
Does not such shining Gifts of Genius share,
And therefore makes Propriety his Care.
Not only Rules of Time and Place preserves;
Your Treat with study'd Decency he serves;
But strives to keep his Characters intire,
With *French* Correctness and with *British* Fire.

This Piece, presented in a Foreign Tongue,
When *France* was Glorious, and her Monarch
young,
A hundred times a crowded Audience drew;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.

Pyrrhus provok'd, to no wild Rants betray'd,
Resents his generous Love so ill repay'd;
Does like a Man resent, a Prince upbraid.
His Sentiments disclose a Royal Mind,
Nor is he known a King from Guards behind.

Injur'd *Hermione* demands Relief;
But not from heavy Narratives of Grief:
In conscious Majesty here Pride is shown;
Born to avenge her Wrong, but not bemoan.

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Andromache——If in our Author's Lines,
As in the great Original she shines,
Nothing but from Barbarity she fears.
Attend with Silence; you'll applaud with Tears.

HAVING before observed, that *Phædra* and *Andromache* are, both the Children of *Euripides*; I shall here observe, that the kind Entertainment they met with on the *English* Stage, was chiefly owing to Mrs. *Barry* and Mrs. *Oldfield*; whose manner of speaking the very humourous *Epilogue*, written by Mr *Budgell*, greatly contributed to the Run of the last Play; and which, whenever revived, the Audience always have insisted on.

I hope you'll own, that with becoming Art
I've play'd my Game, and topp'd the Widow's
Part.

My Spouse, poor Man! could not live out the
Play,

But dy'd commodiously on Wedding-Day:
While I, his Relict, made at one bold Fling
My self a Princess, and young 'Sty a King.

You Ladies, who protract a Lover's Pain,
And hear your Servants sigh whole Years in vain
Which of you all would not on Marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her Jointure enter?

'Twas a strange Scape! had *Pyrrhus* liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my Vow.

To

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 25

To dye by one's own Hand, and fly the Charms,
Of Love and Life in a young Monarch's Arms,
'Twere an hard Fate—Ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one Night—to think upon it.

But why, you'll say, was all this Grief exprest
For a first Husband, laid long since at Rest?
Why so much Coldness to my kind Protector?
——Ah Ladies! had you known the good Man
Hector!

Homer will tell you (or I'm mis-inform'd)
That, when enrag'd the *Grecian* Camp he storm'd,
To break the ten-fold Barriers of the Gate,
He threw a Stone of such prodigious Weight,
As no two Men could lift, not even those,
Who in that Age of thund'ring Mortals rose:
—It would have sprain'd a Dozen modern Beaus.

At length, howe'er, I laid my Weeds aside,
And sunk the Widow in the well-dress'd Bride;
In you it still remains to grace the Play,
And bless with Joy my Coronation-Day:
Take then, ye Circles of the Brave and Fair
The Fatherless and Widow to your Care.

I must now relate the melancholy Parting
of two sincere Friends. Notwithstanding Mrs.
Oldfield's great Care and Concern for Mr.
Maynwaring's Welfare, his Negligence of him-
self brought upon him a violent Relapse of his
former Indisposition, which daily increased; in-
somuch that his Friends began to despair of his
Recovery.

Such

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Such was the Inveteracy of Party-Malice at this Time, that, (because Mr. *Maynwaring* was chiefly concerned in writing the *Medley*) the *Examiner*, in one of his Papers, upbraided him, even with his *sickly Constitution*, which however was not owing to any *Debaucheries*, as he had maliciously represented.

Mr. *Maynwaring* had Lodgings at *Hampstead*, and rode out every Day, hoping for some Benefit by that most healthful Exercise. But, upon paying a Visit to her Grace the Dutchess of *Malborough*, at her Seat near *St. Albans*, he caught so violent a Cold by walking too late in the Gardens, and it increased upon him so fast, that it was his own Opinion, it would finish what his former Illness had began. His Physicians, Sir *Samuel Garth* and Sir *Richard Blackmore*, expressed very small Hopes of his Recovery; which gave the more Cause of Apprehension to his Friends, for both those Gentlemen were among the first of that Number, and as much concerned in Friendship as Practice, to save him if possible. His Relations would have Dr. *Radcliffe* consulted, and the late Earl of *Oxford* happening to see the Doctor before he had been with Mr. *Maynwaring* spoke thus to him—*Pray Doctor take Care of that Gentleman, one of the most valuable Lives in England.* Indeed Mr. *Maynwaring* was at last so much obliged by that Minister's good Offices and Civilities, that he declared, if he should recover, *he would never more draw his Pen*

Life of Mrs. OLEFIELD. 27

Pen against him. But it was out of the Power of Physick to help him, his inward Decay was so great. He was thrown into such a languishing Condition, that tho' his Distemper was not then thought to be a *Consumption*, yet it had all the Symptoms and Effects produced by one. He was visited, in this his last Sickness, by all the great People of both Sexes, who had the Happiness of his Acquaintance, tho' he was able to see but few of them. And it is to his Glory, that the *Greatest Lady in England* wept often by his Bed-side, which Tears he mutually returned, being *sensible* how much he owed to such an Illustrious Mourner, when he was sensible of little or nothing else. He had not Words to express the Transport he felt, when he was almost even in the Agony, to see himself so far in the good Graces of a Lady of such high Rank and Merit, as that his Danger should strike her Dumb, and leave it to her Eyes to express the Sorrow of her Heart. It is supposed he would fain have endeavoured to have broke thro' the Excess of his Grief, and formed some Utterance for it; but his Sister remained in the Room. This Emotion of his was the more extraordinary, on account of a slight Misunderstanding at that Time, between him and this Great Lady. He had given her some Cause of Disgust, but was not conscious to himself in what, and it is thought, that his Perplexity about it contributed somewhat to the Increase of his Distemper. He did all in his Power to express his
Con-

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Concern for the unknown Offence, but he was too near Death, and in a few Hours after she had left him, he expired in the Arms of his Servant Mr. *Thomas Wood*, now Treasurer of the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn* Fields, on the 12th of *November*, 1712, in the Prime of his Age, being but 44 Years old.

AFTER his Decease, a most scandalous and false Rumour was spread, chiefly levelled at Mrs. *Oldfield*, that he died of a Venereal Malady. But to obviate so ungenerous a Reflection, his Body, by her Direction, was opened by two Surgeons — Mr. *Buffiere* and Mr. *Browne*; in the Presence of two Physicians, Dr. *Beefton* and Dr. *West*; and of his Apothecary Mr. *Buck-eridge*.

These Gentleman, all, declared, that there was not the least Symptom of any thing *Venereal*; but that he died of a Consumption. He had in his Life-time, heard the Whisperings of malicious Rumour, charging him with such an Indisposition; but he once complained very pathetically to Her, that he was not conscious of any such Distemper; confessing at the same time, that, in the Reign of King *William*, he had made an unfortunate Sally in an Amour, which gave him a slight Taint at *Paris*, 1698; that he was only patcht up there, but afterwards perfectly cured at *London*, since which Time he never had any such Misfortune.

IT is the Duty of an Historian to speak the Truth, as far as it comes to his Knowledge,
and

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 29

and as great a Veneration as I have for Mr. *Maynwaring's* Memory, I could not avoid mentioning even this Blemish of it, in Justice, and to clear up the unjust Aspersions cast on Mrs *Oldfield*.

It was not long before his Death, that he made his Will, all which he wrote with his own Hand, and to which his Apothecary Mr. *Buckeridge*, and his Servant Mr. *Wood*, were Witnesses, when it was executed at Mrs. *Oldfield's* House in *Southampton-Street, Covent-Garden*. He charged them not to take any Notice of what they knew; which however was little enough, for he intrusted nobody with the Secret of his having made Mrs. *Oldfield* his Executrix, tho' by her Behaviour to him, he could not in Justice do otherwise, on his Son's Account; nor could any Woman better deserve all that was in his Power to give; of which Truth his Son is a living Witness.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Clamour his Will made, after his Decease; himself, who best knew what he had to leave her, could not imagine such a Stir would have been made about so small an Estate. He was far from dying Rich, leaving every little more than Three Thousand Pounds behind him, which he divided equally between his Sister, his Son's Mother, and the Child, who, in Feature and Vivacity, was very like his Father. Often have I heard Mr. *Maynwaring* bemoan the Child, and say, *What will become of the Boy when I am gone.* This Anxiety proceeded from the *Little* he possessed. It is true he had such a noble Contempt of
of

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of the Goods of Fortune, that he never took Care to make one, nor ever resolved to grow Rich.

HAD I a Talent for Panegyric, I could be proud of this Opportunity to do Justice to the Memory of a Gentleman, whose Name would be Immortal, had not his Modesty been as great as his Merit; had he not contented himself with the *Pleasure* of Writing, and resigned the *Glory* of it to others. As to the Author of the *Medley*, the *Examiner* was obliged to allow that he wrote with a *Tolerable Spirit*, and in a *Masterly Style*. A *Spirit*, indeed, which has not many Equals, and a *Style* worthy the Imitation of the greatest Masters. His Learning was without Pedantry; his Wit Affectation; his Judgment, without Malice; his Friendship, without Interest; his Zeal, without Violence; in a Word, he was the best Subject, the best Relation, the best Master, the best Critic, and best Political Writer in *Great-Britain*.

SHORTLY after his Decease, was published a *Defence* of Mr. *Maynwaring*, in a *Letter to a Friend*. It was, Mr. *Oldmixon* asserts*, supposed to be written by the Right Honourable *Robert Walpole*, Esq; and is not unworthy so good a Hand for its Generosity, Spirit; and Elegance, viz.

* See the Posthumous Works of Mr. Maynwaring published by him, pag. 351.

SIR,

SIR,

I write to you upon a Circumstance, for which it is the Interest of all Mankind to be concerned. The Public is under the Administration of its respective Ministers and Officers, who are obliged by their Posts to consult the true Welfare of it. But Incidents, which happen alike to all, and from which no Man can be exempt, fall under every Man's Care, and are to be considered and laid home to the Bosom of every Man breathing. It is incumbent upon each individual Person, for his own sake, to *defend the Absent*; but much more so to *defend the Dead*, who are to be *absent for ever*. I have Reasons for thinking I am called to this Duty, upon the accidental Perusal of a virulent Libel, † wherein the Author, after much Discourse about *himself*, has (alluding to a Gentleman who lately departed this Life) the following Words, *viz.* “ Suppose I were also to tell
“ the World, That the most active Enemy
“ against this *Paper*, was *one* who got to be poor
“ in the *Jacobite Cause*, and then run over in-
“ to *Two* desperate Extreams, and was resolved
“ at once to grow Rich and Honest in the Cause
“ of the *Whigs*. That outlived his Works
“ a little too long; till having parted with
“ Religion and Morality, he threw away his
“ Honour in a careless manner after it, together
“ with his Humanity and natural Affection to

† See the EXAMINER February 9th, 1712. 13.

“ a kind Sister, his Estate, Fortune, and even
 “ the Vouchers belonging to his Office: All
 “ which were bestowed, as Monumental Le-
 “ gacies of *Whig Honesty*, on a celebrated
 “ ACTRESSES, who is too much admired *upon*
 “ *the Stage*, to have any Enquiry made in her
 “ Conduct *behind the Curtain*.

THE Person here levelled at, (Mr. *Mayn-
 waring*) was, in his younger Days, tinctured
 with *Jacobitism*; an Error no Man ever re-
 nounced more heartily, and with greater Ab-
 horrence of it than he did. He was a Man of
 great Modesty, and could not exert himself in
 Public Places, or in mixt Company; but when,
 in Process of Time, his Talents grew conspicu-
 ous, in spite of a bashful Nature, he was invit-
 ed and courted into a Familiarity with
 Men in the highest Power, and of the
 greatest Abilities in the Kingdom, to whom his
 Conversation was both a Pleasure and a Service.
 Then it was that his Words and Actions first
 began to manifest the Principles in which he
 lived and died. He had the highest Obligations
 to that great Minister, *Sidney*, Earl of *Godol-
 phin*, Lord High Treasurer, and enjoyed by
 his Favour, an Office for Life (*Auditor of
 the Imprest*.) After the Removal of that noble
 Lord from the Treasury, the *Examiner* thought
 fit to disparage his Services, by Insinuations and
 Reflections, which the Gentleman, of whom
 we are talking, had too much Gratitude to
 hear

here without Indignation. This I take to be the Provocation which moved the *Examiner* to utter this reproachful Language against him ; among which he falls into the Error of saying, *He outlived his Works ; but Works of his, which outlive him,* will let us into the *Secret* of this *cruel Behaviour*. The *Medley* was often written by (Mr. *Maynwaring*) this *active Enemy* of the *Examiner*, in which so many gross *Falshoods* of *that* Writer were detected, * that he had recourse to *Detraction* rather than a *just Defense* of himself, for which he had been called upon by Mr. *Maynwaring* in several subsequent Papers.

FROM hence it appears, that the *Examiner's* Treatment of this Gentleman, is as just as it would be in a Felon to publish a Libel against the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for passing Sentence upon him to be burnt in the Cheek. The *Examiner* has Sense enough, tho' not Grace enough, to know, that to *deserve*, not to *suffer* Punishment, is truly shameful ; but none but a Man enraged, as in the supposed Case of the Felon, and incapable of Remorse and Shame, could forget all Regards to the Advantage his Adversary had in the Dispute, all Tendernefs with Relation to a Man's private Affairs, so far as to mention the Particulars of the Gentleman's *Sis-*

* MEDLEY No. 41, relating to the *Act* of Indemnity. See also MEDLEY No. 443, concerning the State Loans.

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Sister, and his Passion for an *Actress*. This Account with his *Sister*, I am very sure the *Examiner* can be no Judge of, nor any one but the Gentleman himself. The Offence his Passion (for Mrs. *Oldfield*) gave, to all who esteemed him, is to be lamented, but not to be mentioned with these Aggravations, especially after his Death, and that when he who speaks professes himself an Enemy. But the *Examiner* takes upon him to be a *Champion* for the *Church*, and must not allow such Sins to be venial; yet at the same time he should have considered, that the other Party would recriminate, and have reflected, that there are too many of the *Examiner's Side*, who do not behave themselves as if they were under *Vows of Chastity*. I know a *sly one* among his great Friends, that loves a Wench as well as ever did old *Rowley*, (King *Charles II.*) Besides *him*, there is *another*, who finds Leisure from his weighty Affairs to strolc among the Stews, or, as some will have it, neglects his Writing now and then, to toy with the Business of a Nation. But this dull Fellow, the *Examiner*, has so little Sense of what the impartial World thinks of him and his Performance, that he gives himself an Air of Talking by way of good Humour. In the Beginning of the same Paper, * the pretty Wanton is in a laughing Vein, and with a

* Viz. *The Examiner* of Feb. 9th, 1712-13. abovementioned.

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very gay Heart rallies us, for a Curiosity he supposes we have to know the *Name, Profession, Trade, Quality, Complexion, or Sex* of the *Author* of the *Examiner*. This Author has indeed been very much talked of; a (1) Woman, a (2) Divine, and (3) Two or Three Gentlemen, have been suspected; but no Person that had any Pretensions to Modesty, Piety, or Integrity, has been once named on this Occasion. † The Folly of the Follow is monstrous, to pretend to speak of *Wenching*, considering how the World is affronted as to this Vice, at present. It is certain there never has been lewder Creatures than many who are now in Vogue, and I am afraid *one* or *other* of them has a Design upon the *celebrated Actress* abovementioned; else why does he fear to make *any Enquiry into her Conduct behind the Curtain*? If the *Whigs* do lose her, they will bear it with the Patience that they have already the Defection of some Others, tho' of greater Quality, and higher Obligations to be constant to us. But I speak this only from general Rumour; for I do not believe *she* is gone off; so far from it, that I am credibly in-

† It is now well known, that the Persons concerned in carrying on the *Examiner*, were, 1. Mrs. Manley. 2. Dr. Swift. 3. Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Prior, and Mr. Oldisworth. Messieurs Pope and Arbuthnot often laid their Hands to the same Plow, and some others of their Clan.

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formed *she* has refused great Sums, because *she* insists upon her *Lover's* voting on our Side: they are, it seems, both still firm to their Honour, but I would lay on the Woman's Side, were it not that all *Wagers* relating to *Politics* are forbidden by *Act of Parliament*.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

I THINK my self obliged to take off the *Examiner's* last Aspersions on Mr. *Maynwaring*; (not spoken to in the foregoing excellent Defense it is this most notorious Falshood, that ——— *He threw away the Vouchers of his Office*, which I hereby solemnly declare he never could do, as never having a *Voucher* in his Custody, therefore could not lose *one*. This being a *Charge* always committed by the *Auditors* to their *Officers*; and Mr. *Maynwaring's* Deputies were known to be Men of the most scrupulous Care imaginable: He *himself* being esteemed by all who knew him, for which I particularly appeal to the *Commissioners of the Customs*, to be the most exact of any Man in all the Affairs he undertook. Indeed it was impossible for it to be otherwise, there not being in his Time, a Gentleman of better Sense, more solid Judgment, and quicker Dispatch in Business, during the Intervals of Wit and Pleasure.

A

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 37

A TRUE Copy of his *last Will and Testament*, hereunto annexed, sufficiently justifies the regular and honest Disposition of that small Fortune whereof he died possessed.

HAVING thus vindicated the Memory of this excellent Person, as well as Mrs. *Oldfield's* Behaviour to him, I shall not presume to add any thing farther of my own to his Character, but conclude with letting the Reader know that Mr. *Maynwaring's* Corps was interred in the Church of *Chertsey* in the County of *Surrey*, where his Grand-Father (Sir *Arthur Maynwaring*) and his Father (*Charles Maynwaring*, Esq;) were likewise buried, and where they had heretofore a plentiful Estate and fine Seat. His Obsequies were performed with great Privacy, answerable more to his Modesty than his Merit: He never affected Pomp living, and those who had the Direction of his Funeral, took care to fulfil this his last Request, as they had done all others in his Lifetime, with the utmost Justice and Honour.

HE was born at *Ightfield*, in the County of *Salop*, Ann. 1668, Obitt 1712, *Ætat.* XLIV. Those who are desirous to know more Particulars concerning him, and his Writings, may consult his Life and Posthumous Works, published by Mr. *Oldmixon*, in the Year 1715, 8vo.

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THE *Distress'd Mother* seemed now to be the Case of Mrs. *Oldfield*, both on and off the Stage. For, tho' the *Town-Talk* was wholly bent upon Mr. *Maynwaring's* making her Executrix of his Will, it must surely be acknowledged, that Two Thousand Pounds was no such mighty Sum to bring up an Orphan, from Seven Years old, suitable to the most ardent Wishes of his Father, which, in every Respect, his Mother has fully accomplished.

I THINK I cannot close the Subject in debate more properly, than by applying to all *Intermeddlers* in Affairs which no ways concern them, a short *Essay* of Mr. *Maynwaring's* in the *Medley* No. 33:

Of MODESTY and JUSTICE.

THERE is a *Law* mentioned by *Plato*, which *Jupiter* is said to have enacted in his own Name: That, if any Man appeared plainly to be incapable of Modesty or Justice, he should immediately be knocked o' the Head as a common Pestilence. The Account *Plato* gives of it is as follows, viz.

HE is describing the first State of Human Society: How *Mankind* built Towns to defend themselves from *Beasts*; and how,
in

in a more than brutal manner, they afterwards fell upon one another: And at last, he says, *Jupiter*, justly fearing that the whole Race of *Mankind* would be destroyed, ordered *Mercury* to go to them, and to carry along with him *Modesty* and *Justice*, as the best Support and Ornament of their new-built Cities, and the firmest Bond of their own mutual Friendship. *Mercury* upon this Occasion asked *Jupiter*, in what manner he should bestow *Justice* and *Modesty* upon *Mankind*: Whether, said he, as the *Arts* are divided, shall I also divide these *Virtues*, which are indeed of two Kinds, and shall I give to some Men *one*, to some the *other*, as we see by Experience, that one skilful Physician is sufficient for a great many of the Ignorant, and so of other *Arts* and *Professions*? or, shall I so divide them among the whole Race of *Mankind*, as that every single Person may have a Share in them? Divide them in *that manner*, says *Jupiter*, and let *all Mankind* be Partakers of them: For if these *Virtues* were only conveyed to a *few*, as the *Arts* and *Sciences* are given, it would be impossible for any Cities to subsist; Therefore I would have you go farther, and establish a Law in my Name, *That whoever cannot be made to partake of Modesty and Justice, shall be destroyed as a Plague of the Republick.*

THE Application of this most excellent *Fable*, is, that it would be much more com-

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mendable in all Persons to have the *Modesty* of leaving the Administration of *Justice* to those to whom it peculiarly belongs, and to mind only their own Business.

To return to the Stage. Before this Time Mr. *Betterton* and Mrs. *Barry* had not only quitted the Theatre, but also the Stage of Life. I remember a Passage in ~~the~~ *Henry Cromwell*, Esq; that upon hearing of Mr. *Betterton's* Death, he says, "He would have put over him this
" Sentence of *Tully* for an Epitaph. "

*Vitæ bene Actæ jucundissima est Recordatio. **

It being, I presume, in that Gentleman's Opinion an Universal one for all *Players*.

THE next Capital Part, in which Mrs. *Oldfield* adorned the *British* Theatre, was in that beautiful Transition from *Hector's* Widow, to become a Queen of *England*. This was in Mr. *Philips's* Tragedy of *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*, † wherein she acted *Margaret*, Queen to King *Henry VI.* and spoke the following *Epilogue*, viz.

The Business of an *Epilogue*, they say,
Is to destroy the *Moral* of the Play :
To wipe the Tears of Virtue from your Eyes ;
And make you Merry, — lest you should grow
Wife.

* *A Life well acted is the best Remembrance.*

† *Mr. Philips wrote a Tragedy (between This and the Distrest Mother) called the BRITON. But Mrs. OLDFIELD had no Part in it.*

Well !

— one of Mr *Pope's* Letters to —

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Well!—You have heard a dismal Tale I own :
It, almost, makes One dread—to lie, alone.
Ruffians, and Ghosts, and Murder, and Despair,
May chase more pleasing Visions from the Fair.
Wives can awake their Husbands, in their Fright :
But, if poor Damsels be disturb'd by Night,
How shall They (helpless Creatures!) Lay the
Spright?

Forget it all ; —and *Beaufort's* Crime forgive:
Duke *Humphry* was—too good a Man, to Live.
And, yet——his Merit rightly understood ;
We, now, have Store of Patriots, full as good !
Great Souls, who, for their Country's- Sake,
would be content,

Their Spouses should be doom'd to Banishment.

Since Chronicles have drawn our Duke so
tame ;

Is *Eleanor*, if she survives, to blame ?

A Widow knows the Good, and Bad, of Life :
And has it in her Choice *to be*, or *not to be*, a
Wife !

Virgins, impatient, cannot stay to chuse ;
They risque it all ;-- not having much to lose!—
I mean, --such Nymphs, as sigh in rural Shades
No Midnight Shepherdess, at Masquerades :
Or, such ill-fated Maids, as pine in Grottoes,
And, never had th' Experience of *Ridottoes* ;
Where, notwithstanding they their Market smother,

Some gain one Trinket ; and some, lose another.
These

These Novelties with Grief considerate Women see :

For, should *Italian* Modes prevail, pray what are We?

How oft do Men our tender Spirits vex,
By telling us, We are a trifling Sex!

Yet, --- I am told, Philosophers maintain,

Nature makes not the smallest Thing, *in vain* :

And, let demurest *Prudes* say, what they will,
The *Best* of *Women* would be *Women*, still.

THE Reader, I presume, will easily perceive the Reason of my mentioning the *Distrest Mother*, next to *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, as being both transplanted from *Euripidis*; otherwise, according to the Chronology of the Stage, Mr. *Addison's Cato* should have preceded all Mr. *Philips's* Tragedies. I am also to acquaint the Publick, that I have been desired, in the Course of these Memoirs, to insert the principal *Prologues*, which have been written by eminent Hands, and spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield*; Digressions equally useful and entertaining.

Mrs. *Oldfield* became so universally acceptable to the Town, both in Comedy and Tragedy, that she was over-loaded with Parts; and, obliged to quit the less considerable ones, especially in some Plays, wherein, by her Appearance only, in speaking an *Epilogue*, she kept them alive a little while, but afterwards they were wholly laid aside.

THE

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 43

THE PLAYS, of any Consequence, in which Mrs. *Oldfield* performed *Original Capital* Parts, I shall mention as they came upon the Stage; but, the *small ones*, she acted in *Modern Plays*, or *Those* in which she *succeeded* in *Old ones*, I shall recite in an Alphabetical List at the Close of these Memoirs.

AN agreeable Incident having been communicated to me, I shall give it, just as it came to hand.

SIR,

“ THE late Mrs. *Susanna Centlivre*, who
“ has obliged the Town with the *Gamester*, the
“ *Busy Body*, and several other entertaining
“ Comedies, was so charmed with seeing
“ Mrs. *Oldfield* play the Part of *Marcia* in *Cato*,
“ that she having, a little while before that Tra-
“ gedy came on the Stage, borrowed of Mrs.
“ *Oldfield Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds*, after
“ reading it, returned the Book with the under-
“ written Verses, in a Blank Leaf thereof; and
“ as the Compliment is genteel, and not ful-
“ som, I hope it may not improperly be
“ thought worthy of a Place in *Ophelia's*
“ Memoirs.

I am, S I R,

Whitehall,
Nov. 18, 1730.

Your Humble Servant, &c.

JOHN LUCAS,

Plurality

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Plurality of Worlds! Such Things may be,
But I am best convinc'd by what I see :

Yet tho' *Philosophers* such Schemes pursue,

And *fansy'd Worlds* in every *Planet* view ;

They can but *guess* at Orbs *above* the Skies,

And *darkly paint* the Lakes and Hills that rise.

Now *Cupid*, skill'd in *Mysteries* profound,

Points where more *Certainty* of *Worlds* abound ;

Bright Globes, that strike the *Gazer* with Surprise,

For *they* are *Worlds* of *Love*, and in *Ophelia's* Eyes.

Mrs. *Oldfield* having hitherto been particularly considered but in two Characters in Comedy, viz. Lady *Lurewell* in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and Lady *Betty Modish* in the *Careless Husband*, I shall next consider the farther Honour she has done Mr. *Cibber*, in some other of his Performances. It was not only her Voice and Person that charmed the Audience, but, as the *Tatler* justly remarks, * whatever Character She represented, “ She was always well
“ drest : The Make of her Mind very much
“ contributed to the Ornament of her Body.
“ This made every thing look native about her,
“ and her Cloaths were so exactly fitted, that
“ they appeared as it were Part of her Person.
“ Her most elegant Deportment was owing to
“ her Manner and not to her Habit. Her Beauty

* No. 212. Vol. IV.

“ was

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 45

“ was full of Attraction, but more of Allure-
“ ment. There was such a Composure in her
“ Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you
“ would think it impossible she should change
“ the Garb you one Day see her in, for any
“ thing so be coming, till you next Day see her in
“ another. There was no other Mystery in this,
“ but that however she was apparell'd, her self
“ was the same. For there is so immediate a Re-
“ lation between our Thoughts and Gestures,
“ that a *Woman* must *think* well, to *look* well.”
This Picture of *Flavia*, as drawn by Mr. *Bick-*
erstaff, is the *vera Effigies* of the charming
Ophelia.

Mrs. Oldfield's other Original Parts in Mr.
Cibber's Plays, were,——Mrs. *Conquest*, in
The Lady's Last Stake: Or, The Wife's Resent-
ment: —Lucinda, in *The Rival Fools: Or,*
Wit at several Weapons.—And *Ximena*, in *The*
Heroick Daugher, the Heroine of that Tragedy;
in which Character she spoke the following
Epilogue, viz.

Well S I R S,

I'm come to tell you, that my Fears are over,
I've seen *Papa*, and have secur'd my Lover:
And, troth, I'm wholly on our Author's Side,
For had, as *Corneille* made him, *Gormaz* dy'd,
My Part had ended as it first began,
And left me still unmarried and undone;
Or, what were harder far than both---a Nun.

}
The

46 MEMOIRS of the

The *French*, for Form indeed, postpones the
Wedding,

But gives her Hopes, within a Year, of Bedding.
Time could not tie her Mariage-Knot with
Honour;

The Father's Death still left the Guilt upon her.

The *Frenchman* stops her in that forc'd Regard,

The bolder *Briton* weds her in Reward :

He knew your Taste would ne'er endure their
Billing

Should be so long deferr'd, when both were wil-
ling ;

Your formal Dons of *Spain* an Age might wait,
But *English* Appetites are sharper set.

'Tis true, this Difference we indeed discover,

That tho' like Lions you begin the Lover ;

To do you Right, your Fury soon is over.

Beside, the Scene, thus chang'd, this Moral bears,
That Virtue never of Relief despairs.

But while true Love is still in Plays ill-fated,

No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleasure hate it.

Bloodshed discourages what should delight ye,

And from a Wife what little Rubs will fright ye ?

And Virtue, not consider'd in the Bride,

How soon you yawn, and curse the Knot you've
ty'd ?

How oft the Nymph, whose pitying Eyes give
Quarter,

Finds, in her Captive, she has caught a *Tartar* ?

While to her Spouse, who once so high did rate her,

She kindly Gives Ten thousand Pounds to hate her.

So,

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 47

So, on the other Side, some sighing Swain,
That languishes in Love whole Years in vain,
Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her,
And, in his Anger, vows he'll eat for ever ;
He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,
But little thought he could have din'd so soon.
Is not this true ? Speak Dearies of the Pit,
Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit ?
For the Instruction therefore of the Free,
Our Author turns his just Catastrophe :
Before you wed, let Love be understood,
Refine your Thoughts, and chace it from the
Blood ;
Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair :
For when that Circle holds the *British* Fair,
Your Hearts may find *Heroic Daughters* there. }

Sir *Richard Steele* had the Honour of Mrs. *Oldfield's* performing Original Parts in all his Plays, viz. I. *Lady Charlot*, in the *Funeral*. II. *The Niece*, in the *Tender Husband*. III: *Victoria*, in the *Lying Lover*. IV. *Indiana*, in the *Conscious Lovers*.

To divert an Audience, by an innocent Performance, was the chief Design of the last Comedy, who are thus addressed in the Close of the *Prologue*.

Ye

48 MEMOIRS of the

Ye Modest, Wife, and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-Night the Champion of your Virtues save;
Redeem from long Contempt the Comick Name,
And judge politely for your Country's Fame.

THERE happened a very remarkable Incident in the Representation of the *Conscious Lovers*, which Sir *Richard* takes particular Notice of in his Preface, and I shall give it in his own Words, *viz.*

“ This Comedy was in every Part excellent-
“ ly performed; and there needs no other Ap-
“ plause of the Actors, but that they excelled
“ according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the
“ Character they represented: — The Tears
“ which were shed, on this Occasion, flow-
“ ed from Reason and good Sense, and Men
“ ought not to be laughed at for weeping, till
“ we are come to a more clear Notion of what
“ is to be imputed to the *Hardness* of the Head
“ and the *Softness* of the Heart; and I think it
“ was very politely said of Mr. *Wilks*, to one
“ who told him there was a * *General* weeping
“ for *Indiana* † — *I'll warrant he'll fight*
“ *ne'er the worse for that.* To be apt to give
“ way to the Impressions of Humanity, is the

* *The Honourable Brigadier General Charles Churchill.*

† *Mrs. Oldfield's Part.*

Excellence

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“ Excellence of a right Disposition, and the
“ natural Working of a well-turned Spirit. —
“ The following *Song* was designed for the
“ Entertainment of *Indiana*, but omitted for
“ want of a Performer : It expresses the Dis-
“ tress of a Love-sick Maid, and may be a
“ fit Entertainment for some small Criticks to
“ examine whether the Passion is just, or the
“ Distress Male or Female.

I.

From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcast Eyes a silent Shade ;
Forbidden to declare my Woe,
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

II.

My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
My soft consenting Looks betray ;
He loves, but gives me no Relief :
Why speaks not he who may ?

AMONG the many Apologies for the *Stage*,
Mrs. *Oldelfid* always preferred that humorous
one given by Mr. *Farquhar*, in his Discourse
upon Comedy, viz.

“ POETRY alone, and chiefly the *Drama*,
“ lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders ;
“ she was one of Nature’s eldest Offsprings,
“ whence by her Birthright, and plain Simpli-
E “ city,

“ city, she pleads a genuine Likeness to her
 “ Mother. Born in the Innocence of Time,
 “ she provided not against the Assaults of suc-
 “ ceeding Ages ; and, depending altogether on
 “ the generous End of her Invention, neg-
 “ lected those secret Supports and serpentine
 “ Devices used by other Arts, that wind
 “ themselves into Practice for more subtile and
 “ politick Designs: *Naked she came into the*
 “ *World*, and it is to be feared, like its Profes-
 “ sors, *will go Naked out.*”

I have often heard Mrs. *Oldfield* mention
 the many agreeable Hours she had spent in Mr.
Farquhar's Company. The Original Parts she
 had in his Plays, were only Two ; *Silvia* in the
Recruting Officer, and Mrs. *Sullen* in the *Stratagem* : Most of his Comedies being written
 before Mrs. *Oldfield's* coming on the Stage ;
 and in the Old Parts, as already observed, she
 succeeded Mrs. *Verbruggen*, whose Maiden
 Name was *Percival*, and afterwards *Mountfort*.

Of this Gentlewoman, I am naturally led in-
 to the Relation of one melancholy Scene of her
 Life, in which I believe no Parallel can be
 found either in Ancient or Modern History.
 Her Father Mr. *Percival* had the Misfortune
 to be drawn into the Assassination Plot against
 King *William* ; for this he lay under Sentence
 of Death, which he received on the same Night
 that Lord *Mobun* killed her Husband Mr.

Mount-

Mountfort. Under this, almost insuperable, Affliction, she was introduced to the good Queen *Mary*, who being, as she was pleased to say, *struck to the Heart* upon receiving Mrs. *Mountfort's* Petition, immediately granted all that was in her Power, a Remission of her Father's Execution for that of Transportation. But Fate had so ordered it, that poor Mrs. *Mountfort* was to lose both Father and Husband. For as Mr. *Percival* was going abroad, he was so weakened by his Imprisonment, that he was taken sick on the Road, and died at *Portsmouth*.

THE *Fatality* which happens to the *Shedders of Blood*, I have alway remarked as a certain Effect of the Divine Vengeance; and therefore all Gentlemen who are apt to draw their Swords upon the most trivial Occasions, would do well to consider two or three Accidents I shall here lay before them.

1. That they would please to remember Lord *Mobun's* Catastrophe; who, as Mr. *Mountfort* fell by his Hands, he fell in the Duel between him and Duke *Hamilton*, himself sending the Challenge.

2. At a Representation of the *Scornful Lady* some Years ago, for the Benefit of Mrs: *Oldfield*, many Persons of Distinction were behind the Scenes. Among others Beau *Fielding* came, and being always mighty ambitious of shewing his *fine Make and Shape*, as himself

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used vainly to talk, he very closely pressed forward upon some Gentlemen, but in particular upon one Mr. *Fulwood*, a Barrister of *Gray's-Inn*, an Acquaintance of Mrs. *Oldfield*. Mr. *Fulwood* being a Gentleman of quick Resentment, told *Fielding* he used him rudely; upon which, he laid his Hand upon his Sword, but Mr. *Fulwood* instantly drew and gave *Fielding* a Wound of twelve Inches deep in the Belly. This putting the Audience into the greatest Consternation, Mr. *Fulwood* was with much Intreaty persuaded to leave the Place. At length, out of Respect to Mrs. *Oldfield* he did so, and went to the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where the same Evening the *Libertine* was acted. Mr. *Fulwood* went into the Pit, and in a very few Minutes cast his Eye upon one Captain *Cusack*, to whom he had an old Grudge, and there demanded Satisfaction of him. Captain *Cusack* without the least Hesitation obeyed the Summons. They went into the Field, and in less than half an Hour, Word was brought into the House, that Mr. *Fulwood* was killed on the Spot, and Captain *Cusack* had made his Escape.

3. The last Instance I shall produce is in the Case of the late Lord Chief Justice *Pine*, of *Ireland*, who, when he was a Student of *Lincoln's-Inn*, in those Walks, killed the eldest Son of one of the finest Gentleman in *England*. I

beg

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 53

beg to be excused from naming, him because he was my near Relation. However, the *Weight of Blood* hung so heavy upon Mr. *Pine*, that he declared, he could not live in *England*, and went over to *Ireland*, in which Kingdom indeed he made his Fortune; but an over-ruling Power dampt all his Joys, even to the Day of his Death, because the Price of Blood was repaid in his own Family, his eldest Son being killed in a Duel in *Ireland*.

As these accidental Digressions will not be without their Use, I hope they will not be judged in this Place impertinent, our Theatres being too often the Scene of Actions of this Kind.

BUT let us now again resume the pleasing Entertainment given by Mrs. *Oldfield*. To Mr. *Rowe's* excellent Tragedy of *Jane Shore*, she spoke the following *Epilogue*, and how she charmed throughout the whole Play, every Spectator must remember!

EPILOGUE to JANE SHORE.

YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in such a Taking,
To see your Spouses Drinking, Gaming, Raking, }
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckold-making }

Must we needs fall to Damning and to Railing?
 What can we say your Pardon to obtain;
 This Matter here was prov'd against poor *Jane*:
 She never once deny'd it, but in short,
 Whimper'd--and--cry'd--sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
 'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul;
 We are not all so easy to controul.
 I fancy one might find in this good Town
 Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
 Have answer'd smart—to *what do you pretend,*
Blockhead—as if I mustn't see a Friend:
Tell me of Hackney-Coaches--Jaunts to th' City—
Where shou'd I buy my China?—Faith, I'll fit ye—
 Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
 You! — Lords and Masters!—was not that some
 Merit?

Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
 When we submit thus to your Domineering?
 Well, Peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;
 But so do many more that look demurely.
 Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
 There are more Ways of Wickedness than one.
 If the-reforming Stage shou'd fall to shaming,
 Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gaming;
 The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
 And with *She Tragedies* o'er-run the Nation.
 Then judge the *fair Offender* with good Nature,
 And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.
 What if our Neighbours have some little Failing,
 For

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD 55

For her Excuse too, be it understood,
That if the Woman was not quite so good,
Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood. }
And since she's dearly paid the sinful Score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor *Jane Shore*.

SOME Particulars having been communicated to me, relating to Mrs. *Oldfield's* coming upon the Stage, by Mr. *Taylor*, formerly a Servant to Mr. *Rich*, I could wish they had been sooner transmitted; but as the Intentions of the Wri-ter must be acknowledged an Act of Friendship, I hope the Contents of his Letter will be agreeable to the Public, for whose Use it is inserted.

To Mr. CURLL, &c.

S I R,

“ I N your Memoirs of Mrs. *Oldfield* it may
“ not be amiss to insert the following Facts,
“ the Truth of which you may depend. Her
“ Father, Captain *Oldfield*, not only run out all
“ the Military, but likewise the Paternal Bounds
“ of his Fortune, having a pretty Estate in Houses
“ in *Pall-Mall*. It was wholly owing to Cap-
“ tain *Farquhar*, that ever Mrs. *Oldfield* became
“ an Actress, from the following Incident. Din-

E 4

“ ing

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“ ing one Day at her Aunt’s, who kept the
 “ Mitred Tavern in *St. James’s-Market*, he
 “ hear Miss *Nanny* reading a Play behind the
 “ Bar with so proper an Emphasis, and such
 “ agreeable Turns suitable to each Character,
 “ that he swore the Girl was cut out for the
 “ Stage; to which she had before always expres-
 “ sed an Inclination, being very desirous to try
 “ her Fortune that Way. Her Mother, the
 “ next Time she saw Captain *Vanbrugh*,
 “ who had a great Respect for the Family,
 “ told him what was Captain *Farquhar*’s
 “ Advice; upon which he desired to know
 “ whether, in the Plays she read, her Fancy
 “ was most pleased with Tragedy or Comedy.
 “ Miss being called in, said, Comedy; she hav-
 “ ing at that Time gone through all *Beaumont*
 “ and *Fletcher*’s Comedies; and the Play she
 “ was reading when Captain *Farquhar* dined
 “ there, was, *The Scornful Lady*. Captain
 “ *Vanbrugh* shortly after recommended her to
 “ Mr. *Christopher Rich*, who took her into the
 “ House, at the Allowance but of Fifteen Shil-
 “ lings *per Week*. However, her agreeable
 “ Figure, and the Sweetness of her Voice, soon
 “ gave her the Preference, in the Opinion of
 “ the whole Town, to all our young Actresses;
 “ and his Grace the late Duke of *Bedford*,
 “ being pleased to speak to Mr. *Rich* in her
 “ Favour,

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“ Favour, he instantly raised her Allowance
“ to Twenty Shillings *per* Week. Her Fame
“ and Salary, at length, rose to her just Merit:

Nov. 25, 1730.

Your Humble Servant,

CHARLESTAYLOR.

Having already mention'd Miss *Campion's* good Fortune, in being honoured with the Friendship of the Duke of *Devonshire*, I am here to observe, that a very short Time put a Period to her Happiness.

Paying some Visits, last Summer, to my Friends in *Buckinghamshire*, (as the Monuments of the Dead never escape my Notice, in *Latimer's* Church in that County, I found Miss *Campion* was buried. She was taken off in her Bloom, by a Hectic-Fever, under which she languished four Months, being but Nineteen Years of Age. Her Endowments, both of Mind and Body, are very elegantly delineated in the following Inscription, upon a very neat Marble Tablature, erected to her Memory in the Church above mentioned, by his Grace *William Duke of Devonshire*.

Requiescit Hic

Pars mortalis Mariæ Annæ *Campion*.

Obiit 19 Maij, Anno M.DCC.VI. Ætat. 19.

Quod superest ex altera parte quære.

Formam

58 M E M O I R S *of the*
 Formam Egregiam et miris illecebras ornatam.
 Virtutes Animi superarunt.
 Plebeium genus (sed honestum)
 Nobilitate morum decoravit,
 Supra ætatem Sagax,
 Supra Sortem (præsertim egenis) benigna.
 Inter Scenicos Ludos (in quibus aliquandiu versata est)
 Verecunda et intemerata :
 Post quatuor mensium languorem
 (a Febri Hæctica correptum)
 Intempestivam mortem
 Forti pectore et Christiana Pietate subivit,
 Humanitate præditis
 (Si quid mentem mortalia tangunt)
 Flebilis ;
 Amicis heu flebilior !
 Dilectissimis Reliquiis Sacrum,
 Lapidem hunc poni curavit
 * G. D. D.

The foregoing Inscription has been thus attempted in *English*, viz.

MARY ANNE CAMPION,
 Died on the 19th Day of *May*, 1706,
 in the 19th Year of her Age.

* i. e. Gulielmus Devonix Dux.

Resting

Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 59

Resting in Peace, her Mortal Part here lies ;
But, her Immortal Soul assumes the Skies.
Her lovely Form with ev'ry Grace conjoin'd,
Illustrated the Virtues of her Mind.
Tho' meanly Born, her Morals were sincere,
And such, as the most Noble Blood might wear.
Her Wisdom far above her Years did show ;
Above her Fortune did her Bounty flow.
Some Years the Stage her sprightly Action grac'd,
Most others, in her Conduct, she surpass'd.
Four Months a ling'ring Fever's wasting Pains
Her Breast with Christian Fortitude sustains.
Her immature Decease soft Hearts bewail,
Relentless Grief her loving Friends assail.
Sacred to her most dear Remains, be't known,
His Grace of *Devon* consecrates this Stone.

The Gentleman who favoured me with the Translation of Miss *Campion's* Inscription, assures me, that in the Blank Leaf of her Common Prayer-Book, given her by the Duke of *Devonshire*, were written the following Twelve remarkable Verses, from Mr. *Dryden's* Conquest of *Granada*; which it seems his Grace recommended to her as a Plan of Natural Religion, and of his own Belief in such Matters, viz.

By

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By Reason Man a Godhead may discern ;
 But how he should be worshipp'd cannot learn.
 O Heav'n how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
 Which bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em
 free ?
 Since thy Fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
 Our Choice must be what thou didst first ordain.
 Thus like a Captive in an Isle confin'd,
 Man walks at large, a Prisoner of the Mind;
 Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment
 draws,
 And pleading Guilty, justifies the Laws.
 None knows what Fate is for himself design'd,
 The Thought of Human Chance should make us
 kind.

HIS Grace of *Devonshire* did not long survive Miss *Campion*, dying in about a Year after her. This Amour, and the Duke's Political Character, drew upon Dr. *White Kennet*, late Bishop of *Peterborough*, some very severe Reflections, on Account of the Sermon he preached at his Funeral in the Church of *All-hallows* in *Derby*, *Sept. 5. 1707*. I shall not load these Papers with a Recital of what has been said *Pro* and *Con*, by Pamphleteers, but content myself, and I hope the Reader, in giving a short State of the *Case*, as it is very handsomely drawn up, with regard to the Memories

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Life of Mrs. OLDFIELD. 61

mories both of the *Spiritual* and *Temporal* Peer, by the Writer of Bishop *Kennet's* Life.

—————* “A growing Set of People, were disposed to dislike every thing he wrote or did: For the Times were now come, when Parties judged of Actions and Writings, not by the Merit of the Performances, but by the Affection or Prejudice they bore to the Name of the Authors of them. He was now stamp'd for a *Whig-Writer*; which was as bad as the being a *Republican*, and a *Presbyterian*; and that was *worse*, than the being a *Papist*. Many of our best Prelates and Divines have suffered under the same Prejudices of Malice and Ignorance. When their Political Writings have offended, then the Party run down all their other Performances whatsoever. When once angry, they catch at new Causes, and fresher Pretences of being more angry; like Children and other People of no Command upon themselves, they are scratching of a *new* Wound, because of an Itching in the *old* Sore.”

It was under this Disadvantage that Doctor *Kennet* was called to preach a *Funeral Sermon* for the Duke of *Devonshire*, from which he excused himself, as a Stranger to that noble Family, and till then utterly unknown to them. But it appeared that a Reverend Prelate had recommended him to that Duty, and had undertaken

* See Bishop *Kennet's* Life, Printed in Octavo, 1730. pag. 55. & seq.

dertaken to give him such Instructions, as might enable him to speak with Truth and proper Observations of that Great Man. Upon this Encouragement, he complied with the importunate Request, and upon a short Warning, amidst the Necessity of asking many Questions, and making many Visits, he drew up a serious Sermon, and attended the very solemn Funeral to *Derby*, delivering the Sermon before a very full Audience of the neighbouring Gentry, who could best judge of the Character given of that noble Peer; and in the same Evening, one of them at the Table, in the Name of the Rest, thanked the Preacher, and told him that they, in that County, had been Witnesses of the Truth of the most material Things he had so well spoken of the late Duke: And it was by their Report, and the concurrent Testimony of that Part of the Family that attended those Obsequies, that his late Grace the Duke of *Devonshire*, a Peer of great Prudence and Probity, generously approved of that last Office and desired the Doctor to publish the Sermon; to which he submitted with the less Fear of Offence, because all he said relating to his Life was either suggested or allowed by the then Bishop of *Sarum*, who was intimately acquainted with his Grace's Conduct; and all that he observed concerning his Sickness and Death, was communicated to him by the Eye-Witness
and

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and faithful Judge of them, the then Lord Bishop of *Ely*. Upon their Authority, and Approbation, the Doctor published his Sermon, and confirmed the main Subject of it, by casting in some Historical Collections relating to the Descent and Progress of that Noble Family; to which he made a modest Dedication to the late Duke; which he (who would have despised Flattery, and abhorred Falshood) was so well pleased with, that he had a Respect and Favour for the Doctor, and shewed it in a very kind Manner, by recommending him to the Queen for the Deanery of *Peterborough*, soon after vacant by the Death of Dr. *Freeman*, which we may suppose was the more easily obtained of her Majesty, as being her Chaplain in Ordinary, by the Recommendation of the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury* and the Earl of *Godolphin*. This Preferment, tho' not so much to be envied, raised the fiercer Spite and Malice of the Party against him: Libels and peevish Sermons pointed at him. They got young Men to tune the *Oxford* Pulpit, and let out their University Press to the Printing, or Reprinting a sorry Libel * of poor *John Dunton's*, against the deceased Duke and his Funeral Preacher. Some said that he had covered all the Vices of that great Man, which was so far from being true, that he plainly intimated them. ——— “That this was the true Bottom of all the Clamour against Dean

* The Hazard of a Death-Bed Repentance.

Kennet,

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Kennet, both then and afterwards, is evident from the many violent Pamphlets and Libels published against him." And, it is merely to shew the Inveteracy of Prejudice on all Occasions, and of Party Malice in some, that the Reader has been troubled with this Digression ; but, with candid Minds it will have its due Weight and Use. For as to the Dean's palliating all the Duke's Vices, thereby insinuating, that he was privy to his Grace's Amour with Miss *Campion*, and also that he was the Author of her Monumental Inscription ; " These Calumnies he was so little concerned in, that " he has often said, he had never before heard " of them." The Intrigue he was wholly a Stranger to, and as to the Inscription, it is well known to be the Performance of his Grace's own elegant Pen.

We have been lately told, by a noted *State-Writer*, that, " Persons who move in a Superior Orb, will not be mewed up, nor be " barred those Pleasures, which every Inferior " Person thinks he has a Right to pursue."*

Mrs. *Manley* tells us, in her Life, that the Dutchess of *Cleveland's* Favourite, and the only Man she loved, was Mr. *Goodman* the Player ; tho' she had the Power of Captivating Princes. And tho' as Sir *Samuel Garth* sings,
† the Stage is a Spot,

* See Observations on the Writings of the *Craftsman*.

† See Dispensary, a Poem.

Where

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*Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread.*

Yet, many are the Instances of *real* Monarchs, and Persons of the *first* Distinction, who have felt the Power of Beauty from the Stage, and fallen willing Victims to a Theatrical *Venus*.

The Admirers of *Mrs. Oldfield* may justly be said to be innumerable, as her Performance on the Stage was allowed to be inimitable. But to point out the Persons who shared the Esteem of her private Friendship, is not the Intent of these Papers, as I have publicly declared. The Gentleman who has lived with her since the Death of *Mr. Maynwaring* made it his sole Business and Delight to place her in the same Rank of Reputation (to which her own natural Deportment greatly contributed,) with Persons of the best Condition; and the Mention she has made of him, in her Will, sufficiently confirms her just Value for him.

Among the other *Dramatical Memoirs*, herein recited, *Mr. Wycherley* having been mentioned on Account of his most excellent Writings; I think my self, in Justice to *his* Memory (as well as to the Gentleman * who married his Widow) to set the Affair of his Marrying, *just at the Eve of his Death*, (as *Major Pack* well expresses it) in a true Light.

It must be acknowledged that poor *Mr. Wycherley* was *incapable*, as he told the Lady,

* *Capt. Shrimton.*

Kennet, both then and afterwards, is evident from the many violent Pamphlets and Libels published against him." And, it is meerly to shew the Inveteracy of Prejudice on all Occasions, and of Party Malice in some, that the Reader has been troubled with this Digression ; but, with candid Minds it will have its due Weight and Use. For as to the Dean's palliating all the Duke's Vices, thereby insinuating, that he was privy to his Grace's Amour with Miss *Campion*, and also that he was the Author of her Monumental Inscription ; " These Calumnies he was so little concerned in, that " he has often said, he had never before heard " of them." The Intrigue he was wholly a Stranger to, and as to the Inscription, it is well known to be the Performance of his Grace's own elegant Pen.

We have been lately told, by a noted *State-Writer*, that, " Persons who move in a Superior Orb, will not be mewed up, nor be " barred those Pleasures, which every Inferior " Person thinks he has a Right to pursue."*

Mrs. *Manley* tells us, in her Life, that the Dutcheß of *Cleveland's* Favourite, and the only Man she loved, was Mr. *Goodman* the Player ; tho' she had the Power of Captivating Princes. And tho' as Sir *Samuel Garth* sings, † the Stage is a Spot,

* See Observations on the Writings of the *Craftsman*.

† See Dispensary, a Poem.

Where

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*Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread.*

Yet, many are the Instances of *real* Monarchs, and Persons of the *first* Distinction, who have felt the Power of Beauty from the Stage, and fallen willing Victims to a Theatrical *Venus*.

The Admirers of *Mrs. Oldfield* may justly be said to be innumerable, as her Performance on the Stage was allowed to be inimitable. But to point out the Persons who shared the Esteem of her private Friendship, is not the Intent of these Papers, as I have publicly declared. The Gentleman who has lived with her since the Death of *Mr. Maynwaring* made it his sole Business and Delight to place her in the same Rank of Reputation (to which her own natural Deportment greatly contributed,) with Persons of the best Condition; and the Mention she has made of him, in her Will, sufficiently confirms her just Value for him.

Among the other *Dramatical Memoirs*, herein recited, *Mr. Wycherley* having been mentioned on Account of his most excellent Writings; I think my self, in Justice to *his* Memory (as well as to the Gentleman * who married his Widow) to set the Affair of his Marrying, *just at the Eve of his Death*, (as *Major Pack* well expresses it) in a true Light.

It must be acknowledged that poor *Mr. Wycherley* was *incapable*, as he told the Lady,

* *Capt. Shrimton.*

of rendering her *due Benevolence* ; but he was very unwilling to be rendered *incapable* of paying his Debts (through his Nephew's ungenerous Treatment of him) when he knew what was in his Power ; so [that it must embalm his Memory, with the greatest *Honour*, when it is known, that *Justice* was the only Motive of his changing his Condition.

We shall conclude this Article with *some Circumstances of the last Act of Mr. Wycherley's Life*, as related by Mr. Pope. †
 “ He had often told me, as I doubt not he did
 “ all his Acquaintance, that he would marry
 “ as soon as his Life was despaired of: Accord-
 “ ingly, a few Days before his Death he under-
 “ went the Ceremony; and joined together those
 “ Two Sacraments, which wise Men say, should
 “ be the Last we receive; for if you observe,
 “ *Matrimony* is placed after *Extream Unction*
 “ in our *Catechism*, as a kind of Hint of the
 “ Order of Time in which they ought to be
 “ taken. The old Man then lay down,
 “ satisfied in the Conscience of having by this
 “ one Act paid his just Debts, obliged a Wo-
 “ man who, he was told, had Merit, and shewn
 “ an Heroic Resentment of the ill Usage of his
 “ next Heir. Some Hundred Pounds which
 “ he had with the Lady, discharged those
 “ Debts; a Jointure of 400 l. a Year made Her
 “ a Recompence; and his Nephew he left to

† See A Letter to Mr. BLOUNT of Jan. 21, 1715-16.

“ comfort

“ comfort himself as well as he could, with the
“ miserable Remains of a Mortgaged Estate.
“ I saw our Friend twice after this was done,
“ less peevish in his Sickness than he used to be
“ in his Health ; neither much *afraid* of Dy-
“ ing, nor (which in him had been more like-
“ ly) much *ashamed* of *Marrying*. The Eve-
“ ning before he *expired*, he called his young
“ Wife to the Bed-side, and earnestly intreat-
“ ed her not to deny him one Request,
“ the Last he should make. Upon her Assurance
“ of Consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear*,
“ *it is only this, that you will never marry an*
“ *old Man again*. I cannot help remarking, that
“ *Sickness*, which often destroys both *Wit* and
“ *Wisdom*, yet seldom has Power to remove
“ that Talent which we call *Humour*: Mr.
“ *Wycherley* shewed *his* even in this *Last Com-*
“ *pliment*; tho’ I think his Request a little hard,
“ for *why should he bar her from doubling her*
“ *Jointure on the same easy Terms?*” But Mr.
Pope should have observed, that the *Lady* dou-
bled her Fortune much better, by marrying a
Young Gentleman whose *Commission* was more
than equivalent to her Jointure.

*A true Copy of Mr. Wycherley's
Last Will and Testament.*

IN the Name of G O D, Amen. I *William Wycherley*, of the Parish of *St. Paul Covent-Garden*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Esq; being infirm of Body, but of good and perfect Memory, praised be G O D; do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament, in Manner and Form following, *viz.* First and principally, I commend my Soul into the Hands of Almighty G O D, hoping, through the Merits and Mediation of my Blessed Lord and Saviour J E S U S C H R I S T, to inherit Eternal Life. My Body I commit to the Earth, to be decently buried, *in Christian Burial*; * at the Discretion of my Executor, herein after named, in certain Expectation of a Joyful Resurrection at the Last Day. And, in respect of my Worldly Estate, I dispose thereof as followeth; (that it to say) *Imprimis*, I order and direct, that, *All the Just and Lawful Debts which I shall owe at the Time of my Decease, shall, with the Charges of my Funeral, be in the first place duly paid and discharged.* All the Rest and Residue of all and singular my Estate, Ready Money, Plate, Jewels, Goods and Chattels whatsoever (*my Debts, Funeral Expences, Probat of this my Will, and all other necessary Charges relating to the due Administration of my Estate, being first paid and discharg-*

* Mr. Wycherley died a Romanist.

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ed) I give and bequeath unto my dear and well-beloved Wife *ELIZABETH WYCHERLEY*; and of this my Last Will and Testament I do hereby make and appoint my loving Kinsman *THOMAS SHRIMPTON*, of the said Parish of *St. Paul Covent-Garden*, Esq; sole Executor; hereby revoking and making void all former Wills by me made, and declaring this Testament to be my True and Last Will. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal the One and Thirtieth Day of *December*, *Anno Domini* 1715; and in the Second Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *GEORGE*, &c.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

Signed, Sealed, Published, and Declared by the Testator, *William Wycherley*, as, and for his Last Will and Testament, in the Presence of Us, who have attested the same as Witnesses thereto, in his Presence.

Christopher Metcalfe.

Amos Ferne.

Rob. Hodson.

The Case of Mr. *Wycherley*'s Executor, and the unjust litigious Usage he met with, is, I think, a sufficient *Memento* for all Persons whatever, who have any Effects to leave behind them, how prudently circumspect they ought to be in settling their Affairs before their Decease. Tho' notwithstanding all the Care

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and Caution imaginable, where there is a Fellow, who wears a *Corinthian Forehead*, such a one as Capt. *Shrimpton* had to do with, a Man of Honour will find it very difficult to get out of his Clutches. Mr. *Otway*, in his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* has described the Misery of a Man, whose Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterness of being the Scorn and Laughter of base Minds, the Anguish of being insulted by Men hardened beyond the Sense of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being wasted, under Pretence of Justice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of *Pierre* to *Jaffeir*.

I pass'd this very Moment by *Thy* Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains ;
The Sons of public Rapine were destroy'd
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune,
Here, stood a Russian with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a Heap for Public Sale.
There, was Another, making Villainous Jest
At thy Undoing : He had ta'en Possession
Of all thy antient most Domestic Ornaments :
Rich Hangings, intermix'd and wrought with
Gold ;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night
Received Thee to the Arms of *Belvidera* !

By

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The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains
And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

I shall put an End to this just Complaint, by acquainting the Reader, that the Lord Chancellor *Macclesfield* was pleased to make a *Decree* in favour of Capt. *Shrimton*.

We now come to the last Original Part of Mrs. *Oldfield*. *James Thomson*, an ingenious Scots Gentleman (Author of *The Seasons*) in the *Preface* to his Tragedy of *Sophonisba*, thus delivers himself: "I cannot conclude
" without owning my Obligations to those
" concerned in the *Representation*. They have
" indeed done me more than Justice. What-
" ever was designed as amiable and engaging
" in *Massinissa*, shines out in Mr. *Wilks's* Ac-
" tion. Mrs. *Oldfield*, in the Character of *So-*
" *phonisba*, has excelled what, even in the Fond-
" ness of an Author, I could either wish or im-
" agine. The Grace, Dignity, and happy
" Variety of her Action, have been universally
" applauded, and are truly admirable."

Sophonisba was the last Original Character in which She appeared on the Stage: But, the last Time of her Performance was on Tuesday the 28th Day of April, 1730, when Sir *John Vanbrugh's* excellent Comedy, *The Provok'd Wife*, was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Charke*, wherein she acted the Part of Lady *Brute*.

I have been assured by some of Mrs. *Oldfield's* most intimate Female-Friends, that she had for some Years languished under a very delcining State of Health, tho' not from any Cause which Malice may suggest. The natural Chearfulness of her Temper made her ward off every Attack with the greatest Alacrity. Yet, many times, when she has been playing a Part, and received the universal Applause of an Audience, the Tears have fallen from her Cheeks with the Anguish of Pain she felt ; such was her Willingness to oblige in her Profession.

Upon the very Approach of her last Illness, she most earnestly requested her Physicians not to flatter her, but to give her their Opinions freely, *what, they thought of her Case.* And when they told her, *they feared the Fatality of it,* she replied, without the least Shock, or Emotion, She *acquiesced in the Lot Providence had assigned her ; and hoped she should bear her Afflictions patiently.*

Having this previous Notice of her Change, she *set her House in Order,* and made such an equitable Distribution of her Estate, as is in every Respect highly commendable.

Her most intimate and dear Friend, Mrs. *Saunders,* attended her almost from the Beginning to the End of her melancholy Six Months Languishment. This Gentlewoman was brought upon the Stage through the Recommendation of Mrs. *Oldfield,* and in a most agreeable Manner entertained the Town for
some

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some Years, being esteemed, in her *Stile of Playing*, one of the most eminent Actresses. The Violence of an Asthmatical Indisposition obliged her to leave the Stage. She retired to *Watford* in *Hertfordshire*, about fifteen Miles from *London*, where she now lives, and from whence, upon my writing to her, she has been pleased to favour me with the following Letter, viz.

TO MR. C U R L L,

Watford, Dec. 29, 1730.

S I R,

I Received yours concerning Mrs. *Oldfield*, whose Memory, I hope, will never be forgotten by any that had the Pleasure of being known to her.

The Account I can give of her Behaviour, during the Time of her Sickness, is but short, tho' strictly true.

Her *Funeral* I never heard her once mention; but *Christian Fortitude* she had sufficient; for tho' she had no *Priest*, she did the Office of one to the *Last*.

When her *Dissolution* drew nigh, and the *Lamp of Life* waxed dim, she then expressed her self in *broken Words* and *pious Meditations*, in the most *moving* and *strongest* Manner you can imagine.

It

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It may be justly said she *prayed without ceasing*. She was all Goodness: The best of Daughters, the best of Mothers, and the best of Friends. Oh! that I had Words to sound forth her Praise; but that, *Sir*, is a Task you have taken in hand, and I do not doubt your doing Justice to her Memory.

As to my own Time on the Stage, to the best of my Remembrance, I came into the House in the Year 1702; and my ill State of Health obliged me to quit it in 1720.

A Copy of Mrs. *Oldfield*'s Picture is at your Service, and I shall gladly accept of that excellent Copy you are about to draw of her; it will give vast Pleasure to,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

M. SAUNDERS.

Mrs. *Oldfield* was at length released from her Earthly Bonds, expiring very early on *Friday Morning, October 23. 1730.*

As the Nicety of Dress was her Delight when living, she was as nicely dressed after her Decease; being by Mrs. *Saunders*'s Direction thus laid in her Coffin. She had on a very fine *Brussels* Lace Head; a *Holland* Shift with a *Tucker*, and double *Ruffles* of the same Lace; a Pair of New *Kid-Gloves*, and her Body wrapped up in a *Winding Sheet*.

On

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On her Coffin, was this Inscription :

ANNE OLDFIELD,

Ætatis 47.

On *Tuesday* the 27th of *October*, the Corps was carried from her House, in *Grosvenor-Street*, to the *Jerusalem-Chamber Westminster*, where it lay in State, and about Eleven o' Clock was conveyed to the Abbey: The Pall being supported by the Lord *Delawar*, Lord *Harvey*, the Right Honourable *George Bubb Doddington*, *Charles Hedges*, Esq; *Walter Carey*, Esq; and Capt *Elliot*.

Her eldest Son, *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; was Chief Mourner. The Funeral Service was performed by the Reverend Dr. *Barker*, Senior Prebendary, then Resident.

Here I think my self obliged to expose the Insolence of that Weekly Libeller, the *Grub-street Journalist*.

In his 44th Numb. *Thursday Novemb. 5.* he says, ————“ *A Place having been allowed*
“ *the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, in Westminster-Abbey ; I hope, that on the fine Monu-*
“ *ment which is to be erected to her Memory,*
“ *the Inscription will particularly mention the*
“ *Christian, as well as Moral Virtues of that*
“ *Lady.*” This wretched Sneer can only affect the Writer of it; and I wish when he comes
to

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to die, that a Testimony as ample, and sincere, of his *Christian Virtues*, may be produced, as Mrs. Saunders has given of Mrs. Oldfield's; and as for her *Moral Virtues*, her *Last Will and Testament* is a Demonstration of her Justice.

Some Folks, it seems, much more *scrupulous* than *conscientious*, would have laid hold on an obsolete *Popish Canon*; which ordains, that *no Stage Players should be buried in Churches*. But I have been assured by Dr. Barker himself that he buried Mrs. Oldfield very willingly, and with the greatest Satisfaction.

The Place of her Interment is towards the *West End* of the *South Isle*, (near the Monument of Secretary Craggs and Mr. Congreve) hard by the *Consistory*, or *Spiritual-Court*.

Taking Occasion, from these *Three* eminent Persons having never been *married*, a certain Gentleman, well known at *Westminster*, was very innocently witty; and threw down these Verses, written with a Pencil, upon Mrs. Oldfield's Grave, after the Ceremony was over, viz.

If *Penance* in the *Bishop's Court*, be fear'd,
Congreve, and Craggs, and Oldfield will be scar'd
To find that at the *Resurrection* Day,
They've *All* so near the *Consistory* lay.

The following Epitaph is supposed to come from the same Hand.

Hic

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Hic Jacet (cito jacet hic) Oldfield,
The Brightest Actress *Britain* e'er did yield.
In Parts diverting her chief Talent lay,
Wherein a Thousand Charms she did display.
Would every one in this degen'rate Age,
Whilst Acting here a Part on Life's Short Stage,
Like her exert, pursuing *Nature's Laws*,
They'd meet at their last *Exit* like Applause.

As to the *Variety* of Mrs. *Oldfield's Amours*,
“ such infamous Reports arise, from her be-
“ ing more lovely than the rest of *her Sex*,
“ she was envied by such malicious Wretches;
“ but all who knew her will confirm this
“ Truth, that, she was never guilty of any
“ base or ungenerous Action.”

SUCH is the Character I have had communicated to me by a *Gentlwoman* whose Veracity is unquestionable; and whom, I am not ashamed to own, I have with great Satisfaction consulted upon the present Occasion. She thus farther proceeds.

“ Mrs. *Oldfield*, like a prudent and just Pa-
“ rent, has equitably divided her Estate be-
“ tween her Two Sons, and only Children,
“ *Maynwaring* and *Churchill*; for was I brought
“ on my Oath, I would swear she had no
“ other; and, as to *Love Affairs*, I do assure
“ you, I know of none, but with the Fa-
“ thers of the Gentlemen here mentioned. As
“ to the Cause of her Death, it cannot fall
“ within the Bounds of Censure; for the Sur-
geons

“ geons when she was opened, made no other
 “ Report, than what had been reported
 “ by the Physicians; and it was a Ma-
 “ lady known by every body to be incident
 “ to our Sex, although we were Vestals. These
 “ are all the Particulars I can relate either of
 “ Mrs. *Oldfield*’s Publick or Private Behaviour.
 “ I have thrown in my Mite toward her Vin-
 “ dication, tho’ the Occasion for it gives
 “ me a great deal of Uneasiness; but they who
 “ cannot serve a Friend without a View of
 “ Interest, ought to be dispised.”

A True Copy of the Last Will and
 Testament of ARTHUR MAYNWAR-
 ING, Esq;

E Regio Curiae Prerogat. Cantuar. Extract.

IN the Name of God, *Amen.* I *Arthur Maynwarding*, of the Parish of *St. Martin’s* in the Fields, in the County of *Middlesex*, being of perfect Mind and sound Memory (praised be God) do make and declare this my last Will and Testament in Manner following; (that is to say)

First, I recommend my Soul into the Hands of God, and my Body I commit to the Earth, to be decently buried according to the Discretion of my Executrix herein after-mentioned. And as touching the Distribution of my Temporal

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poral Estate, I do will and dispose of the same as followeth:

Imprimis, I give and bequeath unto my Sister *Grisel Maynwaring*, One Thousand Pounds of Lawful Money of *Great-Britain*, to be paid, by my Executrix, within Six Months after my Decease. And all the Rest, Residue, and Remainder of my Estate, both Real and Personal, that I shall be possessed of, or any ways entituled unto, at the Time of my Decease, I do give, devise and bequeath the same unto Mrs. *Anne Oldfield*, now living in *New Southampton-street*, in the Parish of *St. Paul's Covent-Garden*, and to her Son commonly called *Arthur Maynwaring*, otherwise called *Arthur Oldfield*, to be equalled divided between them the said *Anne* and *Arthur*. But, in case the said *Arthur* shall depart this Life before he attains the Age of Twenty One Years, then I do bequeath the Moiety or Share of him the said *Arthur*, to her the said *Anne Oldfield*. And I do hereby nominate and appoint her, the said *Anne Oldfield*, to be Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former and other Wills by me at any Time heretofore made. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, the Twenty Seventh Day of *September*, in the Eleventh Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady *Anne*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *Great-Britain*, &c. and in the Year of our Lord 1712.

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Signed, Sealed, Delivered, Declared, and
Published by the said *A. M.* in the Presence
of us who have subscribed our Names as Wit-
nesses thereto in his Presence.

*Owen Swinney,
Wm. Buckeridge,
Tho. Wood.*

PRobatum Londini, &c. coram Ven. Viro
Henrico Penrice, *Legum Doct. Surr. Præ-
honorandi viri Dom. Caroli Hedges, Militis
Legum, etiam Dor. Curiae Prærogat. Can-
tuar. Mag. Custodis sive Commissarii ultime
constituti decimo tertio die mensis Decembris,
Anno Dom. 1712. Juramento Annæ Oldfield
Executricis in dicto Testamento nominat. cui com-
missa fuit Administratio omnium & singul. bonor.
jur. & cred. Dicti defuncti de bene, &c. Jurat
lata prius sententia definitiva pro valore &
validitate dicti Testi prout ex actis Curiae li-
quet.*



*Linthwaite Farrent, Registrar.
Deputat. Assumpt.*

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